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KIRBY'S

DESCRIPTIVE GUIDE

TO

ROUNDHAY PARK.

SECOND EDITION, ILLUSTRATED & ENLARGED.

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PRICE, TWOPENCE.

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ROUNDHAY ROAD.

Turning our backs on the streets of the town, we find ourselves at the point where all the confluent streams meet, and we are on the road leading to Roundhay. At first we observe nothing particularly striking—nothing but what we expect to see on the common highway. We have not proceeded far before points of interest arise to view.

CAVALRY BARRACKS.

We pass the Cavalry Barracks, and gain the open country, becoming pleasantly aware that we are out of the smoke.

BURMANTOFTS EXTREMITY OF LEEDS.

True we gain glimpses of the Burmantofts extremity of Leeds, but even that is at a sort of “respectful distance” from the public way we are traversing; so we push forward with light hearts, and spirits made elastic by the fresh air we are permitted to breathe.

The road rises gently, and the view becomes gradually more interesting, until the smile of nature is fairly upon us. It is no exaggeration if we say the scenery for the last half of the distance is truly beautiful. The country all around being well cultivated, and nature having made it prolific, her productions charm the eye and elevate the heart to enjoyment, if not to thankfulness.

GIPTON WOOD.

In this kind of reverie we reach *Gipton Wood*, which lies on our right. We cannot fail to listen to the mur-

mur of the air as it plays with the tree-tops just over our heads, and as the eye instinctively turns in the direction of these aerial voices we become aware of being not only near to beautiful foliage, but to fine and valuable timber trees, which vie with each other in symmetry and stateliness.

GIPTON WOOD INN.

Onward a short distance, and on our left stands the *Gipton Wood Inn*; here the traveller may find refreshment, if required, before entering upon his exploration or his enjoyment in the Park itself.

TO GLEDHOW.

Leaving the Inn we presently reach a road on the left, leading to Gledhow; at the corner of this road we understand it is proposed to make the entrance to the Roundhay Park, so that the people may have the most ready access to it that can possibly be obtained. It is very desirable that whatever is done in the way of alterations in the Park itself, should be most carefully and wisely done. Let no rude finger be laid on the unique and perfect arrangements now existing;—true, there must be new walks for the accommodation of the thousands of visitors that from week to week, and indeed from day to day, may be expected to enjoy its scenery; but pity will weep like Niobe over her children if these necessary alterations should be allowed to mar the harmony of the sweet landscape. We trust, however, the taste and prudence of those who have the management of affairs will prevent mistakes on this head.

Passing by the entrance of the road to Gledhow, and what probably will be the future entrance to the Park, we pursue our way beside a wall, over the summit of which the branches of the trees throw out their long arms and wave over the heads of the passers by.

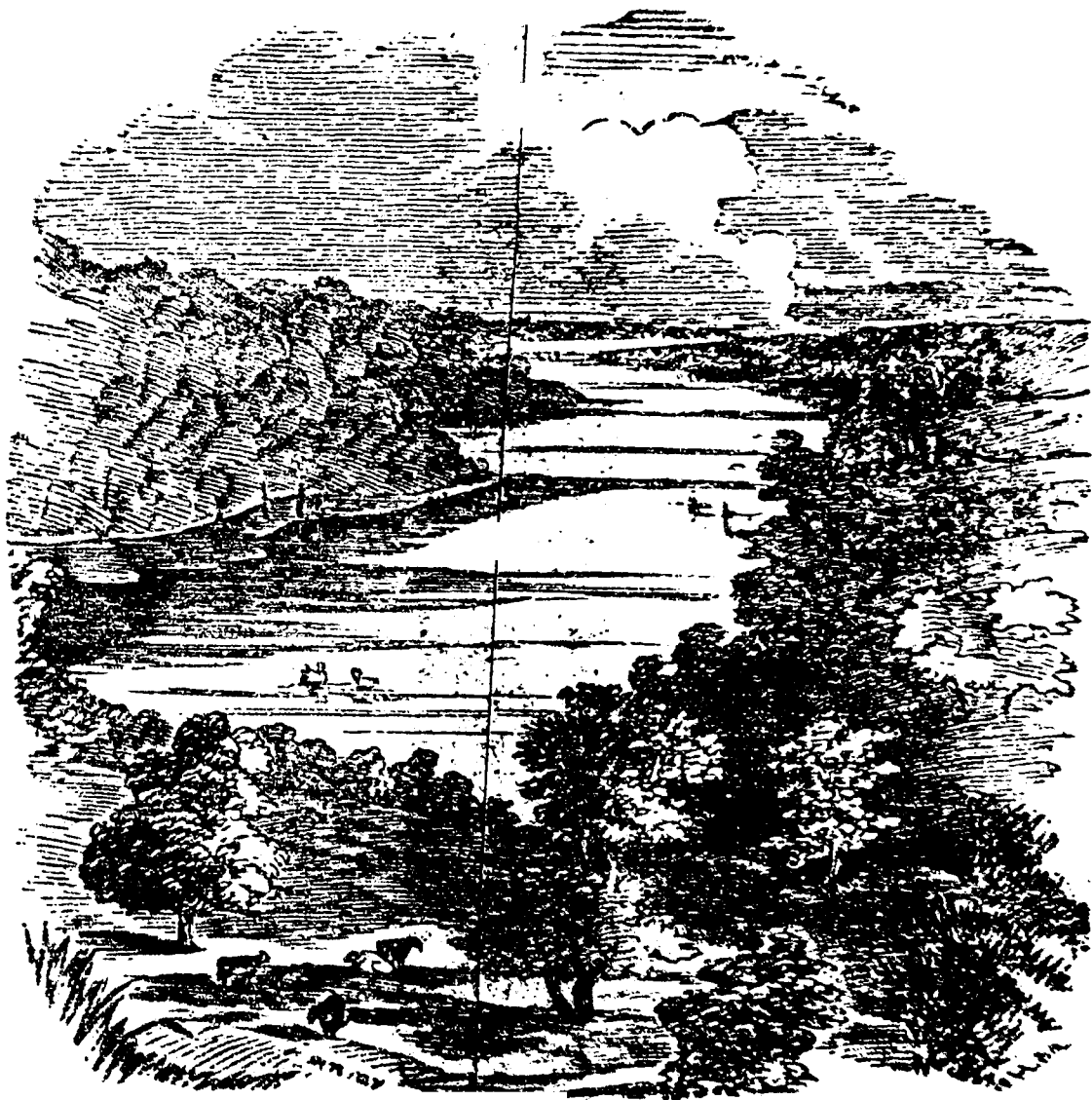
THE ENTRANCE TO ROUNDHAY PARK.

Not far onward and we gain the entrance. The gate is opened by one of the inhabitants of the lodges, and we find ourselves fairly at the beginning of the enchanting ground. About the present entrance nothing need be said—we walk up a carriage-drive between evergreens and beautiful trees, and presently come to a path on our right arched over by rich foliage from trees on either hand. If the visit is made at a quiet hour, it is not an uncommon thing to see a rabbit or two skipping across the path, and nimbly darting out of sight under some cover of fern or leafy shrub; but while we have our attention thus fixed, we have made a small though unconscious progress, and are surprised to observe on our left a magnificent sheet of *Water*.

THE WATERLOO LAKE.

We have come suddenly in sight of *The Waterloo Lake*. This is a noble expanse of somewhat irregular shape, and dividing into two branches at the top, the spectator standing as we have placed him on an embankment (for the lake is artificially formed). On examining the massive boundary of this sheet of water, along which the fine pathway runs, we perceive that provision has been made beneath our

feet for carrying off any superfluous water, and preventing too great a pressure on this artificial wall, by an arched watercourse, the floor of which is slightly above the present edge of the water. Instinctively we walk



on to the middle of the embankment, where we stop to take a survey of this magnificent picture. The bosom of the lake is smooth as a polished mirror, save when a breath of air raises a gentle ripple, which quickly subsides again into a quiescent state. When, however, a

heavy wind surges over its bosom, it is capable of rising into real but miniature waves—not the waves as they roll in from the great Atlantic, yet such as may give a landsman a faint idea of what the mighty waters of the deep are, under the influence of a storm. On the bosom of this lake may sometimes be seen a solitary boat, and the thought suddenly rises to the form of a wish that a small flat-bottomed steamboat might be put afloat for the delectation of the people—one that could accommodate between 100 and 200 persons at a time—might be turned to good account, if, at a small charge, an hour's pleasure could be secured by running hither and thither, or if at stated hours it were to run from one extremity to the other. However, our business is with things as they are. At our feet, and lying in front, the water stretches away some three-quarters of a mile, having become divided into two branches by ground beautifully wooded. On the right of our position the bank is well covered with magnificent trees, backed by other Sylvan beauties to some considerable depth, and under the shadow of which runs the walk to be described. On the bosom of the expanse hundreds of branches from the trees delicately spread their leaves, and now and then the bending boughs touch the limpid waters.

THE MANSION IN THE DISTANCE.

More to the left the Mansion rises in the distance, with its emerald lawn sloping down to the edge of the water. Turning to pursue our walk we can scarcely fail to be surprised at the wonderful seclusion

of the place, and yet so near the turnpike road. The space, however, is densely wooded, and the view from this point of observation has decided charms.

THE WATERFALL.

Near the extremity of the embankment is a Waterfall, the ordinary outlet for the surplus, after traversing



the lake. Making our way down the steep bank we stand nearly 57 feet below our former position; from

this place the sheeting, hissing, brawling stream is seen as falling headlong it dashes on the moss-covered stones, or becomes broken into spray, to be received into the pool below. On either side of the Fall may be observed ferns—the lady-fern peeping from many a crevice,—hart's-tongue, foxglove, “the lady-smock of silver hue” of Shakespeare, the lesser celandine, of which gentle Wordsworth sings so sweetly, “the wild bramble of the brake” of Ebenezer Elliott, and the cuckoo-flower. Having satisfied ourselves and finished our examination here, we again climb the embankment; as we gain the path we again look into the lake which we perceive is plentifully stocked with fish, which disport themselves at pleasure, and make us sensible that an abundance of life is found in this aquatic world. Following the bend of the path we find ourselves under the shelter of fine trees, yet in near proximity to the lake, which renders the walk absolutely delightful.

ARCADIAN SCENE.

Over head, and sounding from all parts of this arcadian scene, come the songs of the feathered tribes,—the blackbird, thrush, red-cap, blue-bird, yellowhammer, and numberless others, pour forth their lays, as the golden-belted bee hums past, and the meadow butterfly flutters through the glade; the swallow skimming over the lake, and the wagtail flitting from point to point, as if enjoying change of position. Every now and again a favorable opening looks across

the lake, displaying new features of loveliness, and showing the noble *Mansion* in the distance.

THE GROTTO.

The Grotto is now reached, and we treat ourselves to a short rest. An opening in the wood gives us a fine view. The expanse of water is followed by a sloping ground, dotted over with sheep peacefully grazing, while the incessant warbling around, almost persuades us we are in fairy-land.

Having rested sufficiently, we leave the "cool grot" to pursue our *three miles* of beautiful walks and splendid scenery; presently a break in the wood discovers a fine rising ground on our right, near the point where, on our left, the lake narrows, and the eye rests on a beautiful clump of trees; then we meet with oak, birch, hawthorns, and a variety of other trees, all graceful and blending in the harmony of colouring in which nature delights; when another opening on the right displays an undulating sweep of emerald green.

We pass through a small gateway, and a few paces onward enter another wood, the lake on the left gradually narrows, showing the Park on the other side dotted over with fine trees much nearer to us than when we entered this pathway.

A FAIRY SCENE.

On our right the ground rises almost precipitously, grandly covered with splendid woods, and a glance at the water below shows that we have been walking

up an incline, and we find ourselves in a magnificent natural amphitheatre. Just peeping over the hill across the water may be seen the tops of *The Hall* chimneys.

We are approaching the end of the right branch of the lake, and the eye rests on an extensive patch of reeds growing on its swampy border. On our right we here see the edge of the wood, and on the left the lake branches or forks off, passing a well-wooded spot these meet again, forming a small island.

Again the path lies among trees, by which it is arched over, and presently we come to a cottage on our right, in front of which roses are in beautiful bloom.

Passing the cottage, we are attracted to the water's edge to look at a proud swan, with bristling wings, in charge of her young, as she and her cygnets come swimming gaily along; and here we observe the water literally swarms with fishes.

For a moment our backs are turned toward the lake as we pursue the winding path, and soon we are found standing on an arch or bridge, under which comes the stream that feeds it, which stream winds down the valley beneath a thicket of underwood.

A GLORIOUS VIEW.

Ascending from this spot, and still under the shadow of fine trees, we come to a position from whence we look on the tops of the lesser trees and bushes, while yet the giants proudly wave their heads above us, and now both above and beneath us the air is filled with music. Still rising we encounter three fine oak trees,

springing from a common stock, and from this point a lovely vista opens to the right, looking through the wood to the valley below. Glancing onward the forest trees stand in their strength as if giving us a welcome to their domain, and on the left the waters of the lake lie like a trailing serpent.

AN ENTRANCING SCENE.

Not many paces onward and we sweep around the top of the lake, which from this point resembles a small inlet of the sea, while the adjacent land may well remind us of the beauties of certain views on the Tamar, with a Devonian surrounding; or of the far-famed Rhine.

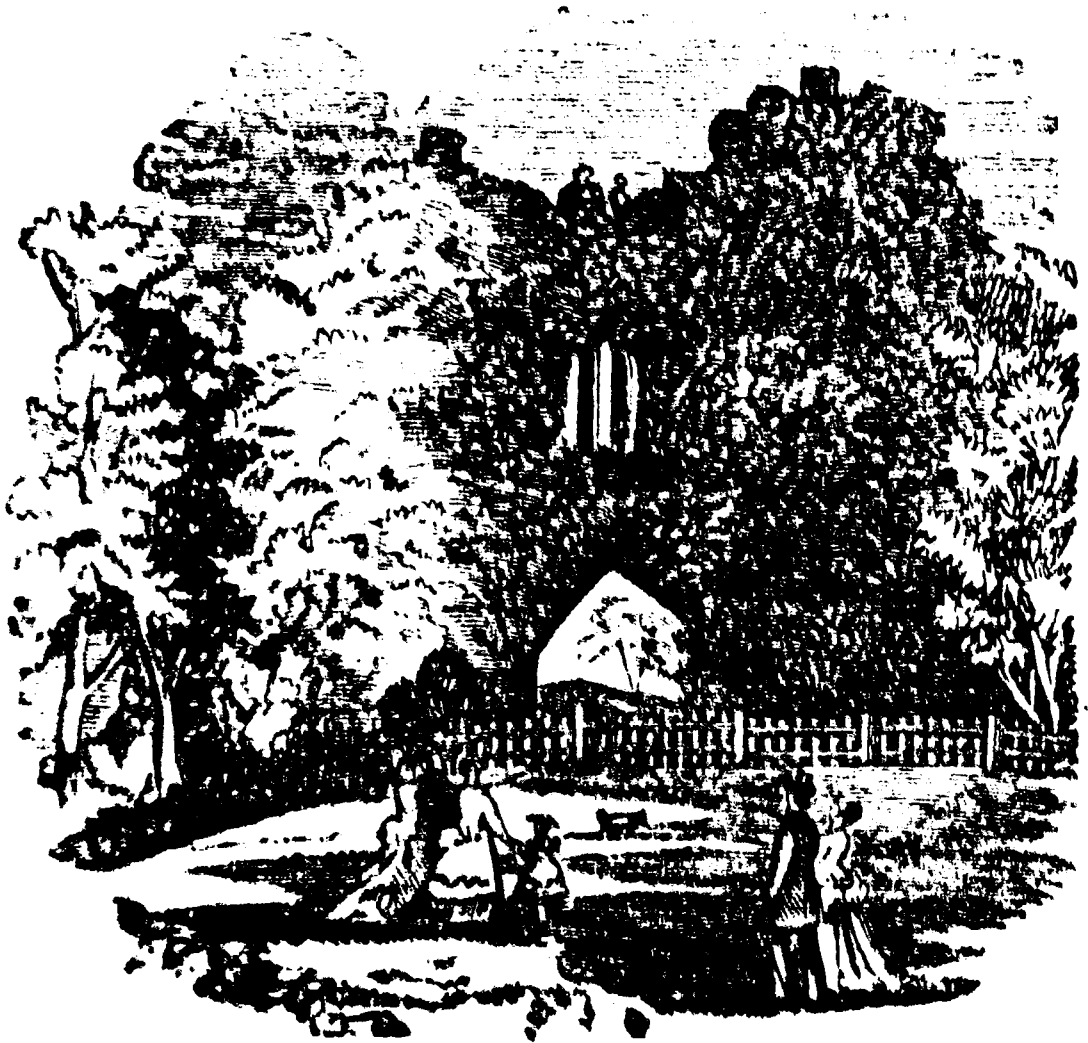
The verdure on every hand strongly tempts one to dream of a world without care or sorrow—but we must go on.

THE OLD CASTLE.

A short distance and we come to what is called *The Old Castle*. This is overgrown with ivy, and looks out upon a most pleasing lawn, sweeping down to the water, and as a whole the landscape is marvellously beautiful. Behind it are trees of luxurious growth and on either hand, dotted in all directions, are trees singly or in clusters, clothing all with glory.

The Castle is composed of four round towers, connected with each other by an open archway of about eighteen feet span. Over the arch, and between the towers, is a dilapidated room with a broken roof,

scribed ever with names. The two front towers are more perfect; one of them furnished with a winding or geometrical stone staircase, pierced with ten loop-holes. Twenty-seven steps bring us to the room over the archway, and twenty more land us on the roof of the same.



These towers are surmounted by battlements to give the building a kind of *finish*: the design aims at the appearance of antiquity—is partially Gothic—but few persons will look for its origin far beyond the present century, even if they do not happen to know that it was

erected as an ornamental building by the late Mr. Nicholson.

THE SUMMIT OF THE CASTLE.

On reaching the summit of this structure we obtain an extensive and picturesque view, the same objects to some extent meet the eye as were in view at the foot of the pile, but here they are seen to much greater advantage. The waters of the lake appear over the tree-tops, and the whole scene forms a *coup d'œil* not often to be met with.

Descending from the eminence we pass through *The Castle* and pursue our path. On our right is a rising ground, with rhododendrons and other flowering plants displaying their attractive colours. We pass down a gentle slope, open on our left, and enlivened here and there by a partial view of the waters flashing back the light through the tree-tops.

THE VALE.

Presently the path becomes gradually more elevated, and we find ourselves on the side of a beautiful *Vale*, which sinks deep on our left. Here the gnarled oak, the beech, the mountain-ash, the larch, and other trees luxuriate, with an undergrowth of ferns, alder, laurel and numerous shrubs.

Still ascending we pass under a Sylvan arch, formed by a noble oak on one side and the variegated beech on the other—the foliage of these trees embracing overhead, preach a sermon to the pleasure-seekers as they pass, on the *harmony of nature, love, and good-will*. Here

the ground rises abruptly on our right, clothed with plants and flowers, and on the left there is a precipitous descent, ornamented with trees as just described—every step here reveals some new feature of the beautiful. Two fine oaks spring from roots so near each other that they almost appear to have a common origin—twin sisters of the forest. From this point a quick eye may detect silvery scintillations—flashes of reflected light—emanating from water beyond through the thick and tangled foliage, and a quick ear will catch the tinkling music of the rill that steals along the depths of the valley. Here and there, too, you may look through the tops of the trees that rise on the opposite side, and discern the clear sky like a sea of light, whose rays dart fitfully through openings made by the moving branches, as they sway to-and-fro in the breeze. We will not attempt to enumerate all that deserves notice, it is enough to say, the eye rests on a wilderness of charms! The following lines were written in this *Vale*, and are set to music:—

ANNIE AND I.

(Composed by J. E. NEWELL, and sold by G. BELL, Music-seller,
Covered Market, Leeds. Price 6d.)

'Neath the aged oak and chestnut,
I, and Annie, once reclin'd,
While the moon look'd o'er the valley,
Where the fragrant woodbine twin'd.
Sweetly chim'd the neighb'ring streamlet,
As it glided on its way;
Kissing here and there the flow'rets
That above its bosom lay.

June had cloth'd the hills with glory,
 And the dale was rob'd in flowers ;
 Making all the songsters happy,
 'Mid the hawthorn-scented bowers.
 O'er the woodlands then we wander'd,
 While the breath of new-mown hay
 Came upon the wings of zephyr,
 In the twilight's soft'ning ray.

There I whisper'd to her gently,
 As we saunter'd side by side—
 "Wilt thou be my queen, my darling,
 Wilt thou be my bonnie bride?"
 Oh! the look, the look of sweetness,
 Beaming from her mild blue eye
 Still around my pathway lingers,
 And will ever till I die.

* * * * *

Summer ended, and the Autumn
 Ting'd the woods with golden hue,
 When my Annie droop'd and faded,
 As the Spring-tide blossoms do.
 Now she lies within the valley,
 By the churchyard's spreading tree ;
 And I hope to sleep beside her,
 When my weary spirit's free.

RUSTIC BRIDGE.

Presently we reach a Rustic Bridge, under which runs a small stream that issues from a waterfall, the outlet of *The Upper Lake* and which is now before us. The water simply trickles over in dry summer weather, but it roars loudly enough after heavy rains. The watercourse supplied by this pretty fall is overhung by alders, wild-roses, and honey-suckle, while ferns in

little knots lift their feathery fronds and wave to the passing breeze. Stealing under the rustic bridge there



a second fall into a gorge, from whence the water descends into the vale by whose side we have wandered.

THE UPPER LAKE.

From the Bridge we wind up through fine trees, getting every few yards a peep across the grounds to distant woods, and presently we plant ourselves on a wooden Bridge which spans the extremity of *The Upper Lake*, which is a fine sheet of ornamental water, much smaller than *The Waterloo Lake*, the surface occupying about five acres. This lake was formed before the lower one, and is also stocked with fish. The shape is irregular, which adds to its beauty—it is shaded by trees on the north and west, save where an opening in the wood shows a glorious track of country, richly cultivated and variegated by all the magic of rural coloring. On the south side runs an open path almost close to the edge of the water, while grasses, wild flowers, ferns, and shrubs ornament the bank between our feet and the face of the lake.

At the western end is a stone so placed that it seems to sit like a boat quiescent on the surface, beyond this the waters branch off and meet again on the other side of a Sylvan thicket, surmounted by fine trees, thus forming an island.

RICH VARIETY OF FOLIAGE.

On the other side of this path is a lovely lawn, ornamented by spreading trees; and in the most advantageous position, looking out on every beauty the prospect affords, is *The Mansion*, generally named *The Hall*, behind which stately trees of the finest growth proudly rear their heads.

Under the shadow of a gnarled oak on one side, and a spreading sycamore on the other (the branches of the latter kissing the face of the water), we find a seat kindly prepared for our reception. We are now exactly opposite the opening in the woods previously mentioned, and we gaze across the lake with a pleasure that brings back the past, and almost restores the joy of youth to those who have past the meridian of life. The prospect is, indeed, full of sweetness, reminding us of dreams of days of sunshine, visions that floated before the eye of fancy when we saw a far-off land of prosperity and love!

We turn the eye from one object to another, and are struck by the rich variety of foliage, contrasting, mingling, assimilating! How many shades of green, nature displays—some bordering on yellow, others almost deepening into black, while the variegated beech takes a hue that contrasts with all the rest—yet their leaves and branches dance in strictest harmony with each other, while the fanning breeze causes miniature waves on the grass below, and the golden-cups look up and smile at the general joy.

THE HERMITAGE.

Pursuing the pathway, we soon reach *The Hermitage*, which we approach under the shadow of towering trees; the Hermitage itself being also surrounded by, and embowered in trees; before it stretches the lake, and the path leading to the entrance is a few feet above the water. This retired cot amid the trees is a quiet place, and the interior agrees well with the whole situation—the projecting roof forming a kind of piazza, east-

a sombre hue over all within. The furniture consists of a small table and a few rustic chairs, and a small fire-place opposite the entrance gives the whole a snug yet solitary aspect. The sides are ornamented by a strange device of hazel rods, bent into arches of the pointed or Gothic form, except over the fire-place, where the sweep being of larger dimensions the arch is circular; and these are filled up by rods of the same order, varying in length according to circumstances, and placed in horizontal and perpendicular rows, which alternate to complete the embellishment of the walls. Here one may sit and look out upon the lake in the summer calm, while the Zephyr scarce whispers in the leafy temple above; and here one may listen to the wintry surges of the angry storm, while the bosom of the lake is fretted into furrows, and the foliage of the trees is gone, save what is raised in rustling eddies from the pathway by the wild and whistling winds.

On either side of the entrance is a small stained-glass window, each embellished with a Grecian figure and emblems, forming a kind of border around the principal attractions of the crystal monitor: for written on the glass, with the point of a diamond, are two pieces of Poetry, which we take the liberty to transcribe. On the left, looking out upon the lake, is the following:—

THE HERMIT'S BEQUEST.

When lingering in this lov'd retreat,
Which saw my wasting day,
With silent step and rev'rence meet
Thou'st trod the lonely way.

Would'st thou enquire what years have taught,
 And all my painful watchings bought,
 Ask thy own heart, the noblest teacher's there,
 Or hear the truths my latest lips declare.

'Tis not the blaze of festive halls,
 The gay and giddy throng,
 The shout of mirth that shakes the walls,
 The feast, the dance, the song,
 That Happiness can give :—Ah, no ;
 The gay vest covers hearts of woe,
 And every pang that grief, that fear, can feel,
 May rend the breast, tho' joyous smiles conceal.

The hermit's cell a heart may hide,
 By every passion torn,
 Where grief or discontent abide,
 We but retire to mourn.
 Such still retreat does but bestow
 Leisure for inward griefs to grow ;
 Deem not the hermitage secure from ill—
 Man thou may'st shun, man's woes pursue thee still.

And you who 'mid the busy crowd
 Unceasing cares confine,
 Enjoy retirement when allow'd,
 Nor when denied repine.
 Still hold amid the world's loud strife
 The dull realities of life ;
 Good will to all, a sense of pardon'd sin,
 These make, and these alone, a hermitage within.

**We turn now to the window on the right, looking out
 upon the lake, from which we copy the following :—**

**Hail ! Stranger, welcome to this cot,
 What'er thou art, what'er thy lot,
 That seeks this calm retreat ;**

Away from noisy din and strife,
 Away from all the ills of life,
 Thou'lt find a peaceful seat.

Oft by this glassy surface have I stood,
 Cheer'd by the warblers in the neighbouring wood,
 At noon or parting day ;
 Reflection in this mirror bright
 Hath sooth'd my mind to calm delight,
 And press'd me here to stay.

But see, the gathering tempest rise,
 O'er hill and valley quick it flies,
 Its threats approach with ire ;
 How soon this mirror 's changed its face,
 Wave after wave each other chase,
 And warns us to retire.

Emblem of life whose early morn
 Is oft by prosperous gales upborne,
 Its noon with clouds is hidden ;
 Yet may our evening sun set bright,
 Blest by that pure effulgent light,
 Which emanates from heaven. •

With the mind deeply impressed by the moral of what we have read, we leave the Hermitage and ascend to the left, under chesnut, oak, larch, and other trees, having a valley on the right, while the pathway is skirted by rhododendrons, holly, lilac, and other shrubs and plants; and amidst this profusion of the glorious gifts of God we reach *The Hall*, occupying a position of unrivalled magnificence.

THE HALL.

From this position is an expanse of marvellous beauty, stretching to the valley below, while the entire

of the village church is seen peeping over the tree-tops.

The Mansion is a fine structure embellished with a Corinthian colonnade and two porticos: it is approached by a Carriage Drive three-quarters of a mile in extent. It is built of dressed stone. Among the apartments the following deserve notice.—

The Vestibule, 22 ft. 2 in. by 11 ft. 10 in.

A Central Hall, 27 ft. by 25 ft., from the middle of which rises a broad double flight of stairs, lighted from the roof.

A Library, 27 ft. 6 in. by 19 ft. 9 in.

A Dining Room, 27 ft. by 18 ft. 9 in.

A Drawing Room, 33 ft. by 21 ft. 10 in.

A Study, 16 ft. square.

A Morning Room, 22 ft. 6 in. by 16 ft. 6 in.

Cloak Room, 17 ft. by 10 ft. 7 in., &c., &c.

The Principal Rooms on the ground floor are 13 ft. high, and fitted with handsome marble mantel pieces, and mahogany-framed plate-glass windows, and the interior is decorated in fine style.

THE CARRIAGE DRIVE.

Having lingered awhile in front of *The Mansion*, we pass down the carriage drive, with the upper lake on the left, and undulating land on the right. Descending till farther we lose sight of the lake, and please the eye by looking over a well-wooded domain. Looking back, the noble Mansion stands full in view, as well as the ornamental trees that adorn the sloping lawns, making the whole "a thing of beauty."

Turning again to pursue our course, the waters of *The Waterloo Lake* burst upon the sight in a direction not previously described, and so different are its features that it seems a new fairy-spot just created for our pleasure. Onward on our right is an inclosure full of fine trees and thick underwood. As the road curves to the right, we encounter other fine trees whose tops whisper to the gentle breeze, and presently we have again *The Lake* on our left, and *The Mansion* on our right—from this point the Conservatory is seen looking from behind *The Hall*.

Winding onwards we are again in the midst of trees, till presently an opening in the wood gives us another view of the sheet of water. It may be well to state here that this superb piece of artificial ornamentation has a surface of about thirty-three acres, and some fifty men were occupied about ten months in excavating the basin and constructing the embankment at the lower extremity.

THE VILLAGE SPIRE.

While moving slowly, and contemplating the scene before us, we perceive the spire of the village church standing full in view, and we can scarcely escape the idea that while we are admiring and enjoying the beauties of earth, it stands as a monitor to point our thoughts to heaven. The old Greeks and Romans connected every thing beautiful with the dwelling-place of the gods; then Nymphs and Naiades laved in their streams and fountains, and roamed through their woods,

setting us an example, upon whom purer light has dawned, to look for God in every thing.

BEAUTIFUL PASTURE LAND.

Admiring the beautiful pasture land on our right, the Crowfoot, the Mountain or Ox-eyed Daisy, and the Hair-bell or Blue-bell of summer attract our attention, and poetic dreams create images to live in the fancy, when we presently reach a shadowy wood, skirting which down to the road, is a thickly set border of laurel, which brings us again to the path we entered when first the lake burst upon our vision.



LINES SUGGESTED WHILE VISITING ROUNDHAY PARK.



COME, gentle Muse, my simple lay inspire,
 And teach me how to tune the Doric reed ;
 My fancy raise to sweet poetic strains,
 And let me sing the Park, the People's Park !

O, BARRAN ! I would, in my song, preserve
 Thy much-respected name. Men to thee cling
 As doth the creeping ivy to the oak.
 Long will the people thy good deeds revere.
 Henceforth the prattling infant shall be taught
 Thy name to lisp, upon its mother's lap ;
 And youths and maidens, while they roam yon glade,
 Shall bless thee as they breathe their tales of love ;
 Yea, all shall honour thee, both young and old,
 And rich and poor, until the name of BARRAN
 Shall be a household word throughout the land,
 Connected with the body corporate.

Most wonderful is this perfected spot!
 Meet place in sooth for Contemplation's throne ;
 What charms attract the pensive eye of man !
 The breezy hills are now with verdure crowned,
 And sprinkled o'er with blossoms fair of Spring ;
 The daisy midst the fairy-scene abides,
 The larger celandine smiles by its side ;

The trailing woodbine, in yon valley sweet,
 Puts forth its many downy, emerald leaves ;
 The eglantine appears in mantle green,
 And from beneath the spreading trees there comes
 The fragrant breath of violets on the air,
 Commingling with the songs of happy birds.
 The lilac and laburnum soon will wave
 Their soft resplendent tresses in the wind ;
 Here wild anemones their bosoms ope',
 And smiling look toward the blue expanse,
 As if returning thanks to Him on high,
 Who formed their golden breasts and petalons.
 The bluebell *there* is peeping from the mould ;
 Ere long 'twill fill its azure chalices
 With Nature's own pellucid beverage
 (The crystal drops that fall from Morning's eye,
 Before the glistening stars dissolve from view).

The Water-falls, magnificent are they !
 Behold the sunbeams gilding all their brows,
 Oh, how sublimely grand are Nature's powers
 List to the roaring sounds the waters make,
 As down the precipice they headlong dash !
 Do they not speak the Great Jehovah's praise ?

Now to the winding path let us repair,
 And muse upon each beauty as we go ;
 Or, should we weary feel, we'll sit beneath
 The fresh'ning trees' sweet shade, and view the Lake
 While scarce a ripple on its bosom plays.

Ah, ye, who in the smoke-pent town remain,
 Haste hither, and let healthful zephyrs fan
 Your aching brows. Come, then, and brush away
 The pearls that hang upon the grassy blades
 Before Aurora weaves them in her hair ;
 And, if you would have roses on your cheeks,
 Hie hither to inhale pure breath of Heaven :
 Nature will fill your souls with pleasant dreams,
 And teach you of the Paradise above.

Oh, Man ! what are thy works which thou hast
 wrought,
 And what the sights and gay parade of town ?
 They sink to nothingness compared with these.

Behold this ancient pile* to ruin gone,
 With mantling ivy on its crumbling wall,
 Yet passing beautiful in its decay !
 Does it not softly whisper to the ear
 Of by-gone days, of friends that are no more,
 And cherished ones within a *stranger-land*,
 Whose forms, alas ! we ne'er again may greet ?

Oh, see yon lovers 'neath the hawthorn bower,
 Dreaming perhaps of blissful hours in store ;
 Thrice-lovely pair, may peace surround your paths,
 And as the Seasons roll, may sorrow never
 Add care-worn wrinkles to your youthful brows.

* From the Battlements of the Castle (on a fine, clear day), Pentstemon
 Common can be discerned with the naked eye.

Come, next let's forth unto the higher grounds,
 For now the sun is sinking in the West,
 And soon, too soon, will Evening shades approach.
 And I would view the sunset on the Lake,
 And scan the glories seen on every side.

Oh, Nature! I have loved thee from a boy;
 Each simple flower to me in silence speaks:
 The broken twig dependent from the bough
 My admiration gains, and lifts the soul
 Away from grovelling earth, to that bright Land
 Where all things bloom in pristine loveliness,
 Where sickness never enters at the gates.

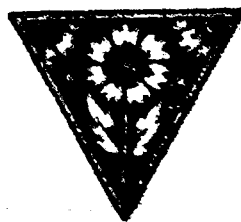
'Tis sweet to wander by the Upper Lake,
 When thrush and blackbird in the neighbouring copse
 Pour music to the sun's declining ray,
 While from the sky the amber-tinted clouds
 Their forms reflect upon the waters clear,
 As they glide sweetly on their placid way.

Is that the Hermitage within the nook?
 Yes, yes, it is the calm retired spot
 Where, hermit-like, beneath its pleasant roof,
 I'd pass away my few remaining days
 In contemplative mood and solemn prayer;
 Methinks 'twould please my constant-musing mind.
 How silent now the Mansion is within!
 Hark! 'th' Hall, where Gaiety once held her feasts,
 The winds but sigh their sad unearthly sounds.
 Ah, men of wealth, is there not here a type,

A truthful lesson, of this changeful world ?
 Then why, alas ! do you heap riches up,
 Unmindful of the fleeting, wingéd hours.

Behold the Croft in choicest bloom arrayed ;
 The apple and the pear their robes assume ;
 The cherry blossoms, fading now away ;
 Mark, as each zephyr wantons thro' the boughs,
 How falls the silvery shower like snow from he
 Around are herbs and flowers profusely spread ;
 The dandelion wears a golden crown ;
 The dock and nettle, too, still show their forms ;
 The cowslip, with its meek-retiring head,
 And lovely-spotted breast, pleases the sight.
 And, as the gentle breeze steals softly by,
 Its wings are with the sweetest incense fraught.

Roundhay, thou art a sweet entrancing Park !
 Thy hill-sides and thy valleys dance with joy ;
 And in thy woodlands Peace her tent hath pitched
 Love, hand-in-hand with Beauty, trip it free,
 While Happiness sits queen of this abode.
 Long may'st thou flourish in thy matchless world
 And ever to mankind a blessing prove,
 To rich and poor alike.



ADDRESSED TO

THE WHARFEDALE POET,

(On receiving his "Lines suggested while visiting Roundhay Park,"

By ROBERT CRAVEN.*

To Thee, dear Friend, I dedicate this song,
And pray, "may heaven thy valued life prolong;"
That thou mayst picture to the *grovelling* mind,
The happiness, man—if he seek—may find
Outside the small contracted circle, where
Too oft, alas! is little else than care:—
Care for that wealth, which, if a man but find,
Oft brings a greater care unto the mind.

Teach those who look for wealth, for its own sake,
"A breath can mar" what years of toil did make;
And that while trustees of God's bounteous store,
They may "increase by scattering" to the poor—
E'en as a puny plant throws out more life,
When skilful hands apply the pruning knife.

Teach those who labour for their daily bread,
That He, who with five loaves five thousand fed,
Told us "Man shall not live by bread alone;"
And taught us *from the flowers God's care to own.*

* * * * *

Roundhay! Oh! how suggestive is the name,
(Lifted from calm obscurity to fame)
Of evening happiness 'mid withering grass,
Whose all pervading scent what can surpass?—

*Author of "A Tale of a Story without an End, and other Poems."—See A

Of romps, as innocent, as full of glee,
 On emerald sward, 'neath azure canopy;
 Too oft delayed until the moon's full rays,
 (Joining with silver clasp the golden days)
 Reminded each one of the coming morn,
 For whose sake we from present joys are torn:—
 Of mimic battles on the yielding earth,
 When haycock forts were stormed and boisterous mirth
 Oft paralysed the efforts of the foe,
 And caused for him an easy overthrow.

Roundhay, Gipton and Gledhow! Names replete
 With boyhood's memories, which still are sweet
 E'en as the flowers that beautified each nook;
 Or as the murmur of that little brook,
 Which ripples at some distance from the road—
 A road 'tis twenty years since I have trod—
 A road that led past gardens where mid cultured flowers,
 The toil-worn man might pass his Sunday hours;
 And with his wife and family might seek,
 Health and a fund of joy for all the week:—
 Past Gipton Wood, where we oft crept by stealth,
 To rob the songsters of their little wealth:—
 Past that stone yielding village where each cot,
 Reveals the mineral wealth there to be got:—
 Past Gledhow's wooded hills and dales and dells,
 Where I first made acquaintance with blue-bells.

What thou art now, I know not, but thy praise
 Is sung by Wharfedale's Poet in his lays;
 And long may he be spared to sing the charms,
 That lie not only in thy Park, but in thy farms—
 Along thy paths o'er many a cowslip'd field—
 By banks where primroses their fragrance yield:—
 These joys may he be long inspired to sing,
 With all the love he to the theme can bring.

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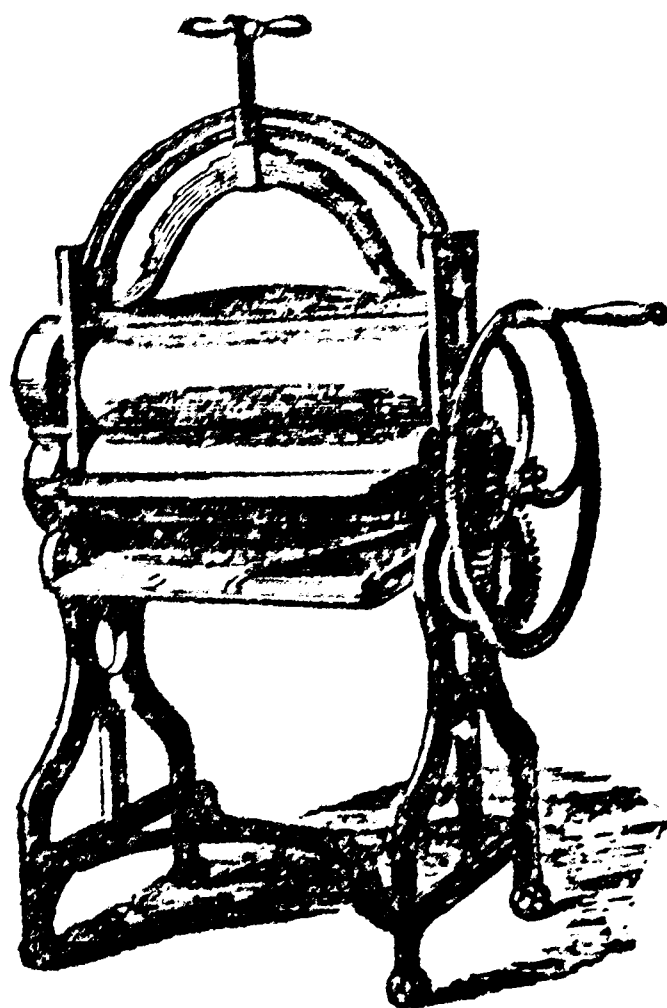
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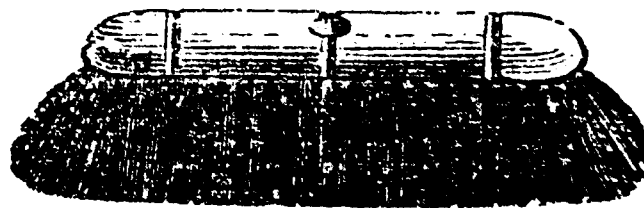
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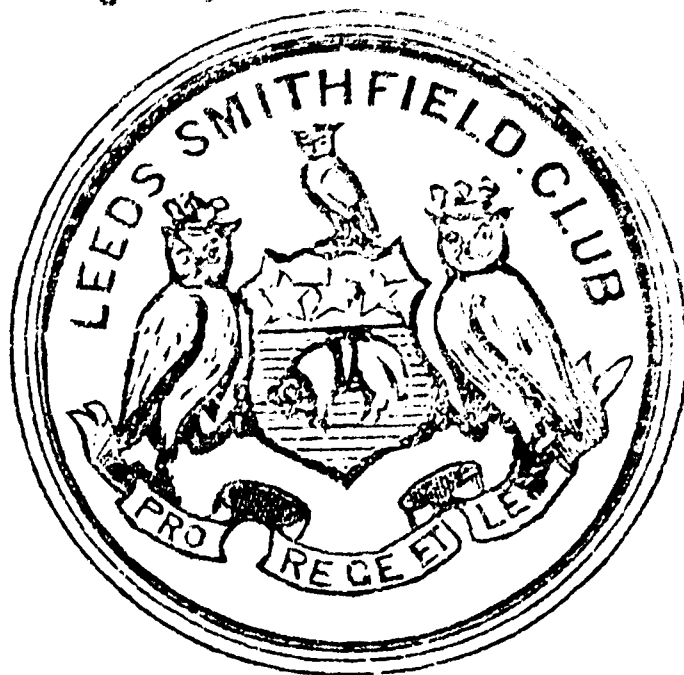
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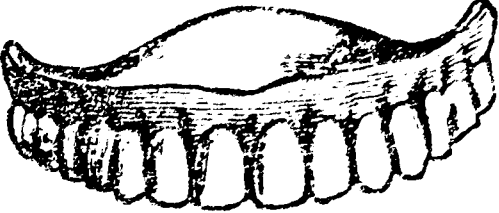
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